

# The Gardener

Marilyn Manson

I'm not man enough  
To be human  
But I'm trying to fit in  
And I'm learning to fake it

Don't ever meet their friends  
It tells you too much  
Or not enough  
Or worse  
Exactly the wrong thing  
Every nuance  
Every detail  
Every movement  
Every smell  
Sound  
Phrase  
Reflexion  
The way she laughs  
These are all the things that you obsessively fetishize  
Or make yourself grow to love  
Although you are supposed to be done growing  
She is still growing  
It's like a garden with two flowers  
One just blooming and casting a shadow  
Just like yours  
And then it becomes a struggle  
Of sunlight  
Or rain  
Or weeds

She and every she  
Is doomed to be your idea of her  
She and every she  
Is doomed to be your idea of her

I'm not man enough to be human  
But I'm trying to fit in  
And I'm learning to fa-fa-fake it

But worse so,  
Back to the point  
You are no longer the flower  
And the sun  
And most importantly the garden  
Or the gardener  
A muse  
Your amusement  
I am used  
It's all ruined if you meet their friends

She and every she  
Is doomed to be your idea of her  
She and every she  
Is doomed to be your idea of her

I'm not man enough to be human  
But I'm trying to fit in

And I'm learning to fa-fa-fake it  
Fa fa fa fa fake it  
Fa fa fa fa fake it  
Fa fa fa fa fake it

You never wanted  
To share  
Your concept of your creation  
With any other gods or worshippers  
Your book isn't burned  
It was never written  
Your book isn't burned  
It was never written

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And I'm learning to fa-fa-fake it  
Fa fa fa fa fake it  
Fa fa fa fa fake it  
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